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Maryville Murders

👁 20   ✔ 2   ⭐ 1

Chapter 1 by Ashton Sutphin

The man was completely still. The static of the television buzzed in front of him, yet he did not move. His beer gut tumbled out of the bottom of his old wife-beater, which was torn and tattered beyond repair.

Yes, thought Chief Randall Dean, a seasoned veteran on the Maryville Police Department. **He's dead, all right.**

Chapter 2 by

Randall's eyes scanned around the room. The man, a certain Mr. Curtis Hobbs, was seated on a worn-out black leather sofa facing the large television screen. Bits of clutter were strewn about the room, which seemed a bit fishy, but Hobbs was likely just a disorganized person. This was somewhat evident in the front lawn, scattered with various plastic bags, car tires, and other bits of junk. No clues were obvious.

He grabbed the walkie-talkie off his belt and pressed the black button at the center of the keys.

"Franklin, officer Franklin, do you read me?" he said.

"Yes," buzzed the voice of the officer at the other end of the line.

"Alright, we've got a dead body on 608 Roosevelt Street. Looks fresh, less than a day. You open?"

"Yep, just finished looking into some drug reports over on Hickory and twenty-third. Be over in ten minutes."

Randall looked more closely at the corpse. The face was tinged with blue, and Curtis's chest was utterly motionless. Otherwise, he could almost have been sleeping. He rolled up the man's pant

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